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est, densest pile, the rainbow flings out its shining bridge from the green earth to heaven.

MINETTA.

THE NIAGARA OF THE WEST.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE SHOSHONE FALLS.

Away in the wilds of Idaho, midway between Salt Lake and Oregon, the air is thundering and the earth is rent by a cataract as imposing as Niagara. Situate on the sagebrush plains, which calmly sleep between the Rocky Mountains and the Cascade range, and are alike untenanted by Ceres or the god of gold, the great savage scenery and power sublime stands unrivalled in America. These falls of the Snake or Lewis Fork of the Columbia have been but a couple of years discovered, and have been seen as yet by scarce as many scores of white men. This majestic masterpiece of nature's engineering lies a few miles off from the overland stage route running northwesterly between Salt Lake and Boise cities, and half way, or about 200 miles from those said capitals of Idaho and Utah. North of it, and distant 50 miles, though seeming closely near, the Salmon River Mountains show their shining peaks, gray with the care of countless ages. East and west of it, as far as the eye can see it, the sage-brush prairie loads the desert air with its wild perfume. Southerly the great Salt Lake, 100 miles away, is hidden by the Goose Creek Mountains.

The river, about 200 yards in width, coming slowly from the southeast, overtowered by perpendicular walls of basaltic rock, over 800 feet high, suddenly expands into a basin of twice its width, and there is divided into a half dozen streams by dark-looking rocks, which raise their gloomy crests above the sparkling surf of their maddened waters. Every stream rushes over a fall of thirty feet, and every fall is of a different shape, seeming fanciful and fluctuating, yet physically fixed, as they have ever been, while centuries, like shadows, have flown over them. The river resuming its course, is again divided, and takes a second tumble of sixty feet still further, but this time by only three different streams. Three falls are the result; one on each side, unbroken and falling in solid sheets, the central one being formed by seven fan-shaped steppes of rock. From the one of these benches to the other underneath the water falls in a smooth, transparent sheet, forming a cascade unsurpassed in the world, and contrasting strangely, by its dark, transparent color, with the rustling, roaring, foaming streams surrounding it, both above and of the sides. The river becomes once more smooth and dark in color. Its banks suddenly jut out from both sides, narrowing the channel to 400 feet; and through this gap the confined mass of water precipitates in one whole volume, without break or hindrance, into an ominous abyss, almost 300 feet in depth. No pen can describe this scene. This is in reality the "Great Fall," and is well worthy of its name, leaping, as it does, from the loom of nature like a colossal sheet of silver.

Forming a slight horse-shoe, its central waters appear blue until they meet the spray that rises ever heavenward from the foot of the foaming cataract. The sides are frayed into foam, and remind one of the pictured avalanches in the Alps. Right on the edge of the fall stands a lone pillar of gray sandstone, on whose summit, undisturbed by the whiz of waters, or the fear of fate fast yawning on their ærie, a pair of bald-headed eagles have built their nest, and are now resting their young secure in sight of the sublimity and solitude surrounding. The cataract's sound—but slightly heard above—is absolutely deafening as you reach the river's base, the roar of the falls, confined as it is by the high walls of the canyon, rushing down the chasm and increasing in volume as it rolls, so as to be heard

full thirty miles southwest. Close to the cataract is a square-shaped cave, of fifteen feet each side and twenty feet high, whose walls are supported by basaltic columns, the regularity of whose formation is surpassed by anything in the Isle of Staffa or the Giant's causeway. Sliding out of this cave and falling about eight feet on a grassy slope that leads to the water's edge, within two hundred feet of the foot of the falls, you are right in the middle of the mist, and wet through in an instant. It is here that, by looking up, the enormous altitude of the falls can be realized, and the first feeling is one of self-preservation, and involuntary drawing back, for the whole mass seems ready to drop and crush you where you stand. Never can the weird beauty of this scene be forgotten by beholders. Rainbows of a thousand hues seem to surround you, and there rises to arch you in the skies.

The white foaming waters form a brilliant background to the magic prisms pictured by the spray. The dark, frowning rocks, relieved by the bright green junipers, making a fitting frame for this magnificent sight, second to none in point of volume as it is second to none in savage grandeur. As measured by officers of the First Oregon Infantry, encamped adjoining, the main fall is 210 feet from the edge of the edge of the level of the water below. The upper falls have not yet been measured, but the total fall of the river, on the three distinct tumbles it takes, cannot be less than 300 feet, while the river itself is over 4000 feet at its narrowest width. The channel of the stream below the falls is a chasm 1500 in width and 100 in depth, with perpendicular walls of rock enclosing it.

THE TENOR AND THE CUIRASSIERS.—The late war in Germany has not been without danger to peaceable artists. The tenor Niemann nearly got into an awkward scrape, lately, at Kissingen, where, finding a number of Bavarian cuirassiers on their way through the watering-place, he was ill-advised enough to ask one or two soldiers what was the meaning of certain movements among the troops. Nothing more was required to place him under suspicion as a spy; and it took all the exertions of some friendly gendarmes to save him from being shot. Niemann had to make off rapidly from Kissingen without having satisfied his military curiosity. A similar incident happened to the pianist Schulhoff, who, happening to go to Carlsbad to see his mother, was stopped at the frontier through an irregularity in his passport. Of course he must be a spy, and was conducted for examination to headquarters, which happened to be the first hotel in the town. Luckily there was a piano in the room; so in default of better arguments as to his identity, Schulhoff sat down and played his "Impromptu Hongrois." The Herr Commandant twisted his moustaches and pronounced himself satisfied, and the rest of the Prussian officers applauded. Schulhoff accordingly was allowed to proceed in peace. Moral: never travel in a hostile territory unless you are well up in the "Impromptu Hongrois."

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

Le Menestrel, contemplating the speedy production of "Lohengrin" at Le Lyrique, reprints a searching review of it by A. De Gasperi, a contributor for that journal. It also gives a particular list of parties upon whom promotions in La Legion d'Honneur were conferred by recent imperial decrees. Charles Gounod—Faust—Van Cleemputte, a distinguished architect, and Giraud, a celebrated painter, Achard, classed as "literary," were made officers, and twenty other notables in various professions were made chevaliers in that

order, whose decorations are panted for by all Frenchmen.

The synod of the authors, composers, and musical editors' association is organized for 1866-'67, by choice of M. M. A. Thys for President, with a brilliant list of co-directors. Its receipts for 1865-'66 were 246,209 francs—an increase of 45,433 francs over 1864-'65.

The musical institute at Convent de Notre Dame-des-arts loomed up recently into a National Institute, by Louis Napoleon's potent decree, after exhibiting the great proficiency of its girl pupils.

Parmi, who indited *l'ages intimes*, and is a distinguished professor at the Bonaparte Lyceum, was, on August 15th, properly decorated by Imperial decree, which thus ratified L'Academie's coronation of that charming work.

Edmund d'Ingrande, chapel master at St. Leu Church, had a performance of his new mass, written for three male voices, in that church on September 2d.

Marie de Weber's second mass had performance, on August 15th, in St. Roch Cathedral, and Haydn's Imperial Mass was done on St. Roch day in that edifice.

Le Menestrel considers the taste for good music to be rapidly spreading over provincial France, and quotes a concert in Argentan, by M. E. Lonlay, in which Mlle. Clauss, a female violinist, had great success.

Salvator Daniel, who once directed the Pompeian concerts in Paris, but now supervises the Algerian Orpheons, received from Louis Napoleon recently a gold medal.

The Pre Catelan, des Champs Elysees and Jardin Mabille concerts are represented by Persian journals to be flourishing immensely.

One prominent candidate for Romeo's part in Gounod's new opera, "Romeo and Juliet," was not long since a pupil in le Conservatoire under Reviel's instruction. His name is Jaulain, and *Le Menestrel* evidently affects him. The role of Romeo, as scored by Gounod, is described as very difficult for a tenor, as he must evince not only high vocal talent, but histrionic also, united with youth, grace, and free command of sentiment and emotion.

Rouget de Lisle's claims upon *La Marseillaise* have been frequently controverted by musicians and critics; but J. B. Wekerlin, of *Le Menestrel*, is scored by that journal for doubting his merit as composer of national or patriotic songs, in a long article, which minutely recapitulates all the effusions got off by said De Lisle, signed by A. Rouget De Lisle, who is probably a near relative of the De Lisle so famous in respect to *La Marseillaise*. He adduces facts and dates of publication sufficient to overwhelm, if not convince, Mons. Wekerlin, and the admission of his lengthy epistle, without comment, in *Le Menestrel*, indicates a yielding of judgment by its critic.

Parisian gossip runs strong and favorable to Carlotta Patti's concert performance at Boulogne sur mer, and even severe critics pleasantly chime in with the general chorus of praise for her vocal exploits there in a long campaign. Some *on dits* go further in her exaltation, and confidently assert that Dumas will soon complete a libretto for a grand opera, in which the celebrated Mlle. Valliere will figure as the heroine, and Carlotta Patti represent her at L'Academie. Mlle. Valliere's slight limp will excuse Carlotta Patti's imperfect substitute for a distorted limb and lack of free stage movement in that character.

Le Menestrel describes the crush of people eager to see and hear "L'Africaine" on the free day, August 13th, as fearful, but those who succeeded in squeezing into "L'Academie" were satisfied with the cost of that luxury in the performance. Fournier and Wekerlin's cantata performed on that occasion with Mme Gueymard and Caron as principals and good choral aids received enthusiastic applause, being well written and developing sen-

sational themes, like the Prussian and the Austrian national hymns in taking fashion.

"Le Conservatoire" a Paris, would seem by a recent decree, signed by Auber, President, many of its professors, Perrin director of "L'Academie," its secretary—J. B. Wekerlin, and the Imperial Commissioner, to be waking up to active exertions for the maintenance of its supremacy in musical instruction. Those dignitaries propose to republish the *Solfeggi* by great masters like Cherubini, Mehul, Catel, Gossec, etc., originally edited by Hengel and Edouard Battiste, the celebrated organist and composer for the organ, who is highly commended by that official rescript, which has appended the full list of its Professors, to make all less distinguished Musical Institutes quake in fear.

The second act of Meyerbeer's "Camp of Silesia," excited great transports when performed at Berlin's Royal Opera before Prussia's king, court, military celebrities and thousands of now loyal Berliners, as it presented Frederick the Great's camp and its military allusions furnished new opportunities for glorification to a king in a city which not long since compelled the reigning power to bow down with uncovered head, before the passing corpses of insurgents who had triumphed in battle over his vernal soldiery. What a change was there indicated.

The London *Musical World* gives a somewhat variant and more consoling account of Mme. Anna Bishop's shipwreck than we had before received, as it appears that a fair prospect existed of recovering the property on board the bark *Libelle*.

"LAST NEWS OF ANNA BISHOP.—Intelligence has been received at Hong Kong of the total loss of the ship *Libelle* while on a voyage to that port from San Francisco, having on board a valuable cargo and specie to the extent of £76,000 in dollars, and a number of passengers, among whom were Madame Anna Bishop, Miss Phelan, Mr. M. Schurtz, and Mr. Charles Lascelles of the English Opera Company, who, with other artists, were on a musical tour. The ship was cast away on the night of the 4th of March, on an uninhabited and dangerous reef called Wake Island in the China Seas. The passengers remained on board during the night, the sea breaking fearfully over the wreck while. They were all landed with difficulty through the breakers the following day. After an ineffectual search over the island for water for three weeks, and suffering much privation, it became imperative to take to the boats and endeavor to reach the nearest habitable island friendly disposed to defenceless and shipwrecked people. Several days were spent in finding a suitable and safe point for departure, the breakers encircling the island, which appeared to be some twenty miles in circumference. Taking such provisions and water as were saved from the wreck, the passengers were transferred to the ship's long-boat, in charge of the first mate, the captain preferring another boat, and on the 27th of March both boats sailed for the Ladrone or Mariana Islands. To attempt a voyage of 1,400 miles, subject to equinoctial storms, calms, and a tropical sun, with short rations and an ocean studded with hidden rocks and coral reefs, gave but poor hopes of arriving at a port with life. However, after encountering great dangers and enduring horrible sufferings for thirteen days and nights, the boat arrived off the town of Guam. An error in six degrees longitude had brought them off that place. The lady passengers, and in fact all in the boat, were in a pitiable and forlorn condition. His Excellency Francisco Moscosoy Lara, Governor of the Marian Islands, on being apprised of their landing, directed every help and succor to be afforded them. The poor creatures were loud in their expression of thanks for his hospitable conduct. Nothing has been heard of the other boat, containing the master and the rest of the crew, up to the departure of the last mail. They parted company on the first night of their departure from the island. Unless the

boat was picked up by some chance vessel, it is apprehended it must have been swamped, as heavy cross seas were met with that night. His excellency has sent a schooner in search of the missing boat among the islands to the northward, and then to proceed to the scene of the wreck, and recover the £76,000 specie, which had been saved from the wreck, and had for security been buried in the island on the beach."

That journal also gives, from the Buenos Ayre *Standard*, a glimpse of grand Italian Opera in that unaccustomed city.

"LA FORZA DEL DESTINO' ON THE THE PLATE.—On Wednesday night the above new opera of this great author was produced at Colon, and so great was the anxiety to hear it that at eight o'clock not a seat was left unsold. The corridors being crowded with holders of entradas who could get no seats. M. Nicolai opened with the overture at a quarter-past eight, after which the first act of this splendid production was initiated. We have seldom heard La Briol, La Mariotte, Lelmi, and Celestini in better voice. There seemed to have been an extra effort made to do all justice to such a popular opera, and it must be a satisfaction to all concerned to know that they acquitted themselves remarkably well, and to the delight of one of the most crowded houses that Colon had seen for some time. The first act is [as a preliminary] tame yet interesting, and sufficiently brilliant to show the way clearly to the remaining three acts, which are certainly captivating. The personation of the heroine by M. Briol, in the second act, was warmly applauded, as also her entry to the friary, taking the vows, &c. The third act is quite of a military character, enlivening, gay, and very diversified, a leading feature being the 'rataplan chorus,' which was given with telling effect, and was highly applauded. The fourth act is certainly the most delightful of all, and worthy the great genius of the renowned 'maestro.' The singing of Briol in this act was truly exquisite, and her rendering of the air 'Pace, pace,' was certainly deserving of the warm reception it met with. The passage of arms &c., ending with the precipitate self-destruction of Lelmi, closed the performance at half-past twelve. The audience was evidently very well pleased with the first production of 'La Forza del Destino.' We anticipate a long run for it. No expense has been spared to bring out the performance in a proper manner. The scenery is splendid, he dresses new and tasteful, the fittings are complete, and in fact nothing is left undone on the part of the worthy lessee to please a discerning public." T. M. Brandies, M. D., in that journal, declares that Moschele's charity concert in St. James' Hall, chiefly if not entirely owed its success to Jenny Lind's name which has a vogue yet, although she has more than once taken formal leave of the public, that he is now seventy-two years old, that his compositions, though without pretension to be regarded as works of genius and not very likely to survive except in the library of reference, have had as large a share in developing the mechanism of execution as any other things of their class. He was one of the original and remarkable pianists of his time, and in a way of his own exercised almost as powerful an influence on the art of pianoforte playing as Hummel is known to have by all who interest themselves in musical history. Brandies further declares that he yet hold the position at Leipzig's conservatory which he assumed in 1846.

The same journal in commenting upon Mapleson's closing performance, August 11th, says, "the act of 'Don Giovanni' introduced a new singer as Zerlina—Mlle. Wiziak, a young Croatian, already seemingly well grounded in the Italian school, who gave a lively impersonation of Mozart's village coquette, was extremely correct in her music, whether solo or concerted, and sang Zerlina's solo in 'La ci darem' with so much point as to gain an unanimous encore for it." Of a person who attempted

Masetto, he says, "He was unquestionably the worst we can remember." He also declares Sinico played Siebel's part and sang "Parlate d'amor" better than any artist has yet done in London, that Hohler was very successful in "Salve dimora" and got hearty applause for his performance of it, and both Titiens and Tasca—who has gone on an operatic tour with Mlle. Vilda, excited great enthusiasm in the duet from "Les Huguenots" by Valentine and Raoul. He like other critics speaks highly of Foli whose voice is so justly extolled, and compares Santley's "Papageno" with Ronconi, favorably in a musical sense, otherwise as an exhibition of comical talent, and "however inferior in a sense of comic humor to the memorable impersonation of Ronconi, in a musical sense has never been equalled."

Jaell's marriage to Mdlle. Trautmann, was celebrated at La Madeleine in grand style.

La France Musicale says, "L'Africaine" is ever a great attraction to L'Academie. When recently brought out there again, it drew an immense and very enthusiastic audience. So also on August 15th, when all theatres are opened free to all who can squeeze into them, "L'Africaine" was eagerly sought for by an immense crowd, who preferred her to all other shows.

Devoyod, a graduate from Le Conservatoire at the last exhibition, has been engaged for L'Academie, and will debut in "William Tell."

"Jose Maria" had a fine run at L'Opera Comique, only interrupted by Montaubry's brief *conge*.

Boston exults that she will hear Maretzek's and Bateman's companies before New York, the latter commencing about October 1st. A journal there breaks out thus grandly upon Bateman: "He will introduce the strongest combination of artists ever presented by a concert troupe in America," then asserts that Signor Fortuna will be found a splendid baritone. Awaiting these great operatic and musical events, musical operations would appear to go hard in that city and to require somewhat questionable extraneous aids, for we notice a glowing announcement of a concert to be given Sept. 12th by S. B. Knowlton, in which Eugene Thayer, F. Rudolphsen, Mrs. H. M. Smith and Gillmore's band perform, is to derive its chief attraction from the distribution of gifts or presents; actually worth two thousand dollars, among those who pay one dollar for a ticket. In other words a concert-lottery has been made a Boston institution at her grandest music hall. To ward off censure Mr. Knowlton states: "Many of the gifts are donated by friends of Mr. K. and they will be impartially distributed." His list of gifts comprises three 7-Octavo Pianos—forty-two Seraphines, gold and silver watches, silver-plated ice-pitchers and castors, revolving butter dishes, silver mugs and goblets. The parlor opera performances in that hall are not as yet in advertisement, but notices appear occasionally, which confidently promise them under Dr. Guilmette's direction, with proper scenery and costumes.

New York's late "Academy of Music" after many checks and discouragements from strikes and disagreements between parties, once more starts upward in brick, mortar and fitting of lumber to its proposed renovation, but the progress cannot be deemed remarkable.

The Arion vocal society have made a move which indicates purpose to perform great deeds in song this season. Carl Anschutz, the accomplished, hard working musician, has been engaged as director at one thousand dollars per annum salary, and he will undoubtedly requite by his service, all that society has or can offer him as compensation.

DOCTOR H. CARLOS, the linguist and Professor of Literature, whose arrival in this country we announced some time since, has just returned to the city after an extensive tour through the Western country and the Canadas. He is about to resume the practice of his profession—teaching the French language by a new method; which method, by the way, has been found to work very successfully.